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The algebra of attributes

By W. V. Quine

LEWIS CARROLL:

Symbolic Logic
Edited, with annotations and an introduction, by W. V. Quine
1980pp. New York: Clarkson N. Potter.
\$14.95.

Lewis Carroll has meant much to most of us. Some of us do not know him. There are playful absurdities in his tales that tickle the logical mind. Now and again a passage of his can be aptly quoted in the course of some philosophical analysis, and the quotation sensibly leaves the jump. A posthumous new book of his, after, in these eighty years is an event not to be lightly passed over.

Curiosity is twice piqued, in logic-philosophical minds, when the new book turns out to be *Symbolic Logic*. These minds were already cognizant of a Part I, 1896, of 200 modest pages. It ran into four editions, as Lewis Carroll called them, in the space of ten months. Despite its austere title it was meant to be. Parts 2 and 3 were already projected at that time, the one advanced and the other Transcendental. What is now newly before us is Part 2. Modern logic was little beyond its formative stage in Carroll's day, so the more romantic among us might look to his newly revealed *Advanced Logic* in hopes of finding historically interesting anticipations at least, and perhaps even new light on live topics. The editor of the volume, W. V. Bartley III, evinced and encouraged this romantic attitude in his advance publicity, which appeared in 1972 as an article in the *Scientific American*.

Carroll worked on Part 2 up to his death in 1898. Much of it was typeset while the work was in progress. Professor Bartley has retrieved the galley proofs, hunted down the scattered pages, and put them all out with twenty-eight pages from his own hand, sixteen pages from Carroll's notes and letters, and thirty pages of facsimiles, photographs, and numerous drawings from other sources. Part 2, thus synthesized, is just the second half of the volume that is now before us; for Bartley has also reprinted Part 1 and prefixed forty pages of editorial introduction.

Let us then begin with a retrospective look at Part 1, *Elementary*. It was not a pioneer work. It was innocent of what may properly be called modern logic, though this had already come abruptly into being seventeen years before, at the hands of Gottlob Frege, in 1879. There was indeed little reason for Carroll to have known of Frege, whose work was long unappreciated; but by Carroll's day Frege's crucial idea had been rediscovered in America by Charles Sanders Peirce (1885); and the language had been progressing apace. In three countries, Ernst Schröder was developing it at book length in 1890, 1891 and 1895. Giuseppe Peano had shown glimmerings in 1888 and a firm command in publications of 1893-95. But Carroll's link with the logical literature bridged all this latter-day turbulence and reached back to John Venn's unregenerate book of the same title, *Symbolic Logic* (1881). Our editor does state that Carroll knew of Peirce, but no knowledge is evident. Rather, he quotes Peirce's Templeton, as saying of Carroll that "as a mathematical logician, he was far ahead of his British contemporaries." The word "British" is in italics. But even so the "far" is debatable.

Let me explain the distinctive trait of modern logic. It has often been said that traditional logic treated only of attributes, while modern logic handles also relations. But this contrast is apt to be misunderstood, particularly since Carroll himself emphasizes something he calls *relation*.

Logic, old or new, traces implications. If one sentence is implied by another, or jointly by several, the connections normally depend on its sharing of terms in varying contexts. Thus to sign a syllogism of Carroll's:

None but the brave deserve the fair.
Some braggarts are not brave.
Therefore some braggarts do not deserve the fair.

Now the shared term "deserve" is relational; certainly, it applies to people in pairs; x deserves y. But our syllogism does not hinge on it, because the term has an unvarying context: "deserves the fair". It is rather this latter three-word term as a whole that is relevant to the structure of our syllogism, and it expresses a mere attribute of people taken one at a time: x deserves the fair.

In contrast there is this time-honoured example from Jungius:
Circles are figures.
Therefore whoever draws a circle draws a figure.

The structure that sustains this implication can be elicited only by attending to the relational term "draws". If we bundle this into a mere part of two monolithic attributional terms, "draws a circle" and "draws a figure", the required structure is lost.

Implications that depend thus essentially on relational terms are what were not covered in any systematic way by the old logic, and are covered smoothly and exhaustively by the new. The trivial example from Jungius gives no hint of the vastness of this coverage. Modern logic is a serious branch of mathematics, and an elegant one.

Syllogisms, for all their slightness, had been the mainstay of formal logic down the centuries. Rules were devised for spotting the valid syllogisms—descriptive rules rather than computational. Innovations of an algebraic kind did emerge a few times, by way of expediting the work and widening the coverage. George Boole's work around 1850 was the start of a more continuous development in this vein. At that time Augustus De Morgan even ventured a little algebra of relations, suited to the Jungius example and the like, but this was rather a forerunner of modern logic than the real thing. It was not very systematic, and the coverage was spotty.

W. Stanley Jevons removed some links from Boole's methods. Venn continued in this line, and also presented a convenient method of diagrams for testing syllogisms and other simple inferences. All this was again a theory purely of attributes, not relations.

Venn, we saw, was Carroll's point

of departure. The departure is inconsiderable. Carroll uses a different style of diagrams, and his algebraic notation adheres slavishly to arithmetical analogies. His notation has the virtue of distinguishing between connectives of terms and connectives of sentences; this was a departure from the usage of Venn and his predecessors, but already usual in the new logic outside Carroll's orbit. Carroll himself does not strictly observe it in his later work.

Carroll has a compact notation of subscripts. Where "x" stands for a term, e.g., "angels", "x" means that there are no x and "x." means that there are some x. Thus "xy" means there are no xy, or in other words that no x are y, and "xy." means that some x are y. To affirm "x" and "xy." jointly he writes "xy." Correspondingly then we would expect "x.y" to affirm "x" and "xy" jointly, but these are incompatible, so Carroll puts "x.y" to another use: to mean that x, or xy. We may guess from this that the algebraic notation is for him less a medium of calculation than a shorthand. The thought is borne out as we read on: he is greedy to testing implications by descriptive rules rather than by algebraic transformations. In this respect his kinship is even more with the age-old syllogistic tradition than with Boole and his followers.

But he does decidedly improve the old treatments of the syllogism. Alumni of old-fashioned schools will recall that there were twenty-four valid moods of the syllogism, classified into four figures. Carroll re-associates notation with the predicate term, thus reducing the number to twelve, and twelve new moods emerge that were not traditionally covered. He has doubled the coverage and simplified the rules. Instead of four figures he counts three.

After syllogisms, then what? Carroll's answer: the sorites. A sorites is an implication that has many premises and can be resolved into a chain of syllogisms. Carroll's whimsy has had outlets in his

examples of syllogisms, but it is in his sorites, as he calls them, that he pulls all stops. A typical one has six premises:
"No husband, who is always giving his wife new dresses, can be a cross-grained man."
A methodical husband always comes home for his tea.
No one, who hangs up his hat on a gas jet, can be a cross-grained man.
A good husband is always giving his wife new dresses.
No husband can fail to be cross-grained, if his wife does not keep him in proper order.
An unmortified husband always hangs up his hat on the gas jet.

The problem is to find the conclusion, which is that a good husband always comes home for his tea, and to derive it in a chain of valid syllogisms. At this point he does a good job, but with something of a flourish. The points stand for "There are x", "All x are y", "No x are y", "Some x are y", and various more complex combinations, and the formula in the middle of any line is implied by those at the ends.

Next the editor interposes some logical charts that he found among Carroll's papers and has contrived, with one exception, to interpret. Most of them are variants of a single chart, best visualized in three dimensions as made up of thirteen points on a tetrahedron. The points stand for "There are x", "All x are y", "No x are y", "Some x are y", and various more complex combinations, and the formula in the middle of any line is implied by those at the ends.

What next? Back to the sorites! He presents an algorithm that takes the sorites and constructs a tree. Given any number of premises, the procedure finds the appropriate conclusion, if any, and establishes it. It is required that each premise and the conclusion have either the form "All x are y", "No x are y", or the form "There are no x", "There are some x", with any number of terms negated. (His fifth example exceeds this requirement in two of its twenty-four premises, but he reduces the two to form.)

There follow a series of fanciful examples, some with as many as fifty premises and more terms. Such are the Problem of the Schoolboys, the Pork-Chop Problem, Frege's Problem, and many others.

This material is presented in a way that is not only accessible but also enjoyable. Carroll's other whimsy, the incomplete proofs of Part 2, Frege's Problem had appeared in *Antiquary* by Carroll's day. They are reprinted, but they are not only accessible but also enjoyable. Carroll's other whimsy, the incomplete proofs of Part 2, Frege's Problem had appeared in *Antiquary* by Carroll's day. They are reprinted, but they are not only accessible but also enjoyable.

Carroll defends the syllogism against detractors who impute to it the fallacy of "begging the question". This criticism is familiar and feeble, but Carroll's defence is outrageous. He represents the detractors as claiming "that the whole Conclusion is involved in one of the Premises". The children, to whom Part 1 is in part addressed, are the only readers who are apt to believe that anyone really claimed "that the whole Conclusion is involved in one of the Premises". Carroll sets those children a poor example of intellectual morality.

I have been describing Part 1, which is the reprint. Since the new Part 2 is accessible to all, it may be excused for remaining essentially the syllogistic level. Let us look at last in Part 2, *Advanced*. It is the place for historically significant bits if such there be.

It begins with a little period piece on another traditional "sue of the one about whether the syllogism is question-begging". The medieval rules of the syllogism favour this question-begging role rather than the syllogistic role. "All x are y" does not require there to be x. Ordinary usage of these words perforce varies on the point, and no phrase for precision when desired. Carroll comes off badly here. He proceeds actually to prove the implication, arguing from other claims that have no stronger implications and are palpably equivalent. It is a sorry display of question-begging, as the editor recognizes.

Carroll is contentious. He presently shows himself so again in an impassioned plea for his interpretation of "are-not p" as "are-not p". I casually pressed this move, above, for the simplified treatment of the syllogism that it affords, but Carroll carps. He lashes out against "The Logicians" for their "arbitrary" method.

of negative Attributes, which makes them shut their eyes like frightened children" and an "unreasonable terror". His defensiveness shows itself soon again when he proceeds to argue the superiority of his diagrams over Venn's. He objects that Venn's compartments cannot be shaded, being the whole of outer space; he knew full well that we easily shade enough of it to get on with.

The rudimentary algebraic notation that he used in his treatment of syllogisms and sorites in Part 1 now undergoes a slight augmentation; a sign for "or" is added. With its help his three so-called figures of the syllogism are now extended to six. The added forms displaced the syllogisms that Carroll himself called; but they continue to have three terms, all attributional.

Next the editor interposes some logical charts that he found among Carroll's papers and has contrived, with one exception, to interpret. Most of them are variants of a single chart, best visualized in three dimensions as made up of thirteen points on a tetrahedron. The points stand for "There are x", "All x are y", "No x are y", "Some x are y", and various more complex combinations, and the formula in the middle of any line is implied by those at the ends.

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The same and the successive

By M. F. Burnyeat

RODERICK M. CHISHOLM:
Person and Object
230pp. George Allen and Unwin.
£7.25.

Consider the following definition of what it is for a proposition S to be certain for a person S at some particular time t:

h is certain for S at t = Df (1) Accepting h is more reasonable for S at t than withholding h (i.e. not accepting h and not accepting not-h) and (2) there is no such that S is more reasonable for S at t than accepting h.

This is just one of the eighty-five definitions which punctuate Roderick Chisholm's *Person and Object*, subtitled *A Metaphysical Study*, and it will serve as well as any to give the book's flavour.

What the definition amounts to is that a proposition is certain for someone if, and only if, it is at least as reasonable for him to believe it as to believe anything else. One may want to object that this allows a proposition to become certain or to become not certain for someone without becoming more or less reasonable in itself; enough that other propositions become more or less reasonable, if certain, is defined in certain terms.

Professor Chisholm offers no answer to this very obvious point of doubt, nor any explanation of his decision to treat certainty as a comparative rather than an absolute concept. He simply propounds his definition.

It was Socrates who first made definition central to philosophy, but Socrates always treated a definition as an opportunity for further questioning and argument, designed to bring out the implications of the definition and test its power to deal with a philosophical problem. In the subsequent tradition also it has been a standard working assumption that a philosophical definition is worth very little without substantial discussion to back it up. Professor Chisholm's definitions, however, all too often bring philosophical reflection to a full stop in the manner just illustrated. And when the full stop is repeated up to eighty-five times, the going gets weary and unenjoyable.

Thus, to continue, "h is such that it is self-presenting to S at t = Df h occurs at t and is necessarily such that, whenever it occurs, then it is certain for S." Is this definition in accordance with the definition first quoted, but at the same time it is supposed to elucidate the phrase "knows directly" in the following claim: a self-presenting

state—Professor Chisholm's example is feeling depressed—is a state which is necessarily such that, if a person has it, he knows directly that he has it.

Questions crowd in: is it really impossible to feel depressed without being aware of it? (No discussion.) If something is known directly, must be true, but does the defined sense of "certainty" provide for this? (No discussion.) In one definition h stands for something that occurs, i.e. an event or state of affairs, in the other for something that is accepted or rejected. A proposition: what is the relation between these two categories? (Elaborate discussion, a whole chapter in fact, leading to a conclusion that events and propositions may be regarded as species of states of affairs: all one can say here is that by the time the reader has understood the senses defined for "event" and "proposition" a "state of affairs" he will know himself to be in a state of resigned disbelief.)

These two definitions—they are in fact the first two in the book—now support a further claim, elucidated by further definitions: in self-presenting states, such as feeling depressed, one is directly acquainted with oneself. This involves an apprehension of one's own individual essence or haecceity (every self-presenting state is necessarily such that, if it obtains, then I am certain of my being directly acquainted with myself). I am, which apprehension in turn is what enables one to identify and individuate things other than oneself. And so it goes on: selfhood, agency, the identity of persons and things, the ontology of states of affairs (to mention just the main topics of the book)—all are treated in the same, remorselessly bleak manner. It is not that there are no substantial arguments, no perceptive remarks, but that, notoriously, a philosophical construction built in this way is only as strong as its weakest elements. In the present case, far too many of the elements seem questionable, arbitrary or weak in the extreme.

The pity of it is that the philosophical scene would be considerably enriched were a philosopher of Professor Chisholm's distinction to urge his unusual views in a more persuasive way. For the matter of the book is as reasonable as its manner. To take the most interesting example, it is Professor Chisholm's view that the table on which I write on Monday is, strictly speaking, a distinct table from that on which I write on Tuesday if in the interval some part of Monday's table has been detached or replaced. He holds a doctrine of "metaleological essentialism", according to which if anything is even a part of any whole, it is essential to the existence of that whole. In other words, a distinct whole results

if any part of Monday's table is removed. (There appears to be no restriction on the size or importance of the parts covered by this thesis, so that it would suffice if a speck of wood dust fell off due to dry rot.) Consequently, what we ordinarily ("in the loose and popular sense") regard as the same table is really ("in the strict and philosophical sense") an ens essentialium, a "successive table" made up of different tables at different times.

Now such a view is not entirely novel: it has antecedents in Bishop Butler, not to mention Heraclitus's saying "The sun is new every day". But it is a problem of some philosophical moment whether it can be made to work, and the difficulties are not of a kind that Professor Chisholm's methods are best calculated to overcome.

All the more is this true when we come to Professor Chisholm's continuing account of personal identity, which has received a good deal of attention in recent discussion. You are faced with the prospect that your body is to undergo fission, like an amoeba. You will split into two persons, one going off to the left to an utterly wretched existence, the other going to the right to a life of great happiness and value. You will naturally hope that, if just one of the split people on the right. Suppose, then, it is indeed the person on the right who will have (apparently) memories of your life, your character, your concerns, your plans and projects; the one on the left having none of these things.

Professor Chisholm contends that you may still be the person on the left; conversely, if you know your character and memories will go to the left, you can still, without being unreasonable, hope to be the person on the right. For, he says, "the strict and philosophical sense" you must be identical with one or the other (in the strict sense you cannot be identical with both), but which one you will actually be is quite independent of the various criteria considerations (memory, continuity of character, etc) which are all we have (Professor Chisholm agrees) to decide the question by.

Such a claim is bound to seem mysterious. We are told that there is a question, "Which person will I be?", which must have a definite, unambiguous answer, and we are told that this question does not mean what we might take it to mean and does not have to be settled in the only way we have to settle questions of this kind. What, then, does it mean? What is it to be identical with someone with whom one has not the least feature in common? This we are not told. Consequently, it remains mere assertion that there is this answerable question at all.

I too am here

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CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

John Mole

A poet and his novel

By Clarence Brown

HENRY GIFFORD:

Pasternak
280pp. Cambridge University Press.
£8.

In November, 1957, *Doctor Zhivago* was brought out in Italy by the communist publisher Giacomo Feltrinelli. Boris Pasternak had loyally submitted it to *Novyi Mir*, the leading Soviet literary magazine, and it had been as loyally refused. He had then sent it abroad. The Nobel Prize for literature, ostensibly awarded for his life's work as a writer, of which the novel was merely the culmination, followed the year after, and Pasternak was compelled to turn it down. Two years after that, in 1960, he died, and his funeral was an occasion not only for Russian but also for international grief. The sensational events attending the last years of his life had unquestionably made him the most widely known writer from that country since Tolstoy. The popular film based on his novel has doubtless done more to promote the fortunes of Omar Sharif and the composer of Laro's theme than those of Pasternak; and today Solzhenitsyn must have a considerably higher recognition factor, as the clichés say, than the author of *Zhivago*.

Still, it is surprising that we have had to wait so long for a comprehensive study of Pasternak's entire oeuvre. His sudden notoriety naturally called into being another opportunity volume by Robert Payne (unpublished in Henry Gifford's bibliography) and several equally prompt compilations of picture and text.

With time a few substantial studies have appeared: Pasternak's *Lyric* (1966) by David Plunk and *The Poetic World of Boris Pasternak* (1974) by Olga Hughes, both of which began as American doctoral dissertations, are excellent and thorough in their examination of limited topics. The former is frequently acknowledged by Professor Gifford; the latter evidently arrived too late to be more than listed in the bibliography. Pasternak's *Modern Judgments* (1968) is a valuable collection of essays by several hands edited by Donald Davie and Angela Livingston. Andrey Sinyavsky's quickly suppressed introduction to the 1965 Soviet edition of the poem is his exposure as "Abram Doris" all but coincided with the appearance of the collection—is not, of course, a book, but it is so packed with seminal insight as to be practically the equivalent of a poem, however, it is limited to the poetry.

So Professor Gifford has the distinction of priority and of much more than priority, for his *Pasternak: A Critical Study* is not only the first book to deal in a worthy manner with all of Pasternak's work in poetry, prose, and translation, but it is also a model of what such a book should be: sensitive, yet willing to take an occasional risk; comprehensive without according undue space to trifles; concise, with visible evidence of strain; and illuminated by a knowledge and love of literature without which all its other qualities would matter little. It is also extremely well written. I cannot imagine that it should soon, or ever, be superseded.

It is framed between two chapters. The first tells us something of the poet's life, and the last summarizes his "place" among his contemporaries. Those that lie between ignore the life as best they can to concentrate obstinately but gracefully upon the text and the significant context of Pasternak's works. This life, nevertheless, lurks in the margins and will call attention to itself in hell's despite, for the works themselves contain that strangely oblique and dispersed autobiography at which all Russian writers seem to excel but at which Pasternak was a master.

Then there are the overt works of autobiography—*Safe Conduct* and *Essay in Autobiography*—to be dealt with, but they too are strangely devoid of external incident, focus mostly on such figures as Scriabin, Rilke and Myakovsky, and leave the impression of fragments held together by ellipsis. "Pasternak's story is in the main one that consists of absences and immunities," writes Professor Gifford, who is an excellent guide to the inner life and draws upon relevant outward events with careful discrimination.

As biographer, Professor Gifford exercises a discretion that can sometimes amount to the averted gaze. In the seven-page chronological table that lays out Pasternak's dates and works, for instance, the reader will wonder why the death of one of the Olga Ivinskaya should figure among the "other events." But for now of Pasternak's affair with her and the general turmoil of his domestic arrangements other sources must be consulted.

Professor Gifford's book is a "comparative" in the best possible sense of that abused word, which all too often announces a perfunctory and mechanical performance that seems to have been imposed externally rather than to have arisen naturally. Every page of Pasternak is focused on Pasternak, but there is scarcely a page that does not bristle with the names of other writers.

The effect of this is not to disperse our attention but, rather, to concentrate it, to make Pasternak appear all the more vividly. It comes about with utter naturalness, imposed by nothing more than the author's habit of mind and his immense erudition (and perhaps not least by this Russian expert's having spent an academic career in an English department).

The "comparisons" range from fleeting alludes that do little more than season the entertaining narrative to surprising juxtapositions of the kind that strike one as much by the happiness of their selection as by their practical utility in advancing the argument. Akhmatova wrote in a poem of 1936 that Pasternak was "endowed with a kind of eternal childhood," and Gifford remarks in passing that "memories of Harold Skimpole in *Bleak House* are apt to make the reader uncomfortable with this simile."

This is amusing but it tells us more of Gifford than of Pasternak. Later, in an effort to specify exactly the meaning of the phrase *My Sister Life*, the title of Pasternak's most celebrated book of poetry, Gifford cites a notable passage from *Doctor Zhivago*, phrase from Dante, one from Blok, and reflects upon Wordsworth's relationship with his sister Dorothy, pausing to observe that St Francis, in his *Cantico delle creature* had called the sun and wind his brothers and the moon and the stars his sisters.

Summarizing rather less than a page in this fashion, I am in danger of making it appear as though a well-stocked library mind had run briefly amok. That would be quite wrong. Every allusion locks us more tightly to the subject, and we are indeed left with a clearer sense of how Pasternak understood the central metaphor of his book.

In discussing Pasternak's revolutionary epic, *Lieutenant Schmidt*, Gifford refers to Henry James (*The Spoils of Poynton*), Arthur Hugh Clough (*Amours de Voyage*), and Leo Tolstoy (*Resurrection*). Of these one would immediately suppose Tolstoy alone to have some direct bearing on Pasternak. (Gifford is surely right to suggest that in re-creating the prison scenes Pasternak could hardly have been unmindful of those in the last novel of Tolstoy, whom he revered), but the others are by no means irrelevant. They tell us powerfully in the author's lucid exposition.

Take Clough, for example. Gifford regards *Lieutenant Schmidt* as in large part a failure. One of the reasons is Pasternak's inability wholly to empathize with his central character and thus to compose his letters for him. When Clough's character, on the other hand, writes about the agony of the Roman Republic in 1849, he is close enough in class and temperament to his author to allow him all the resources of his style.

That authors had better be able to write convincing letters for their creatures is not, however, the only point of the comparison. For that, many other epistolary novelists might have served. But Clough's letters, like Pasternak's, also mediate historical events in a time of upheaval, and the single clinching quotation from *Amours*, I, who avoided it all, am faced, it seems, to describe it.

I, who nor meddle nor make in politics

displays Clough's character as playing a role not unlike that of the hapless Lieutenant Schmidt. Few tasks in literary criticism demand more expository skill than writing about translation, especially when one prudently assumes the audience to be effectively monolingual. It is difficult enough to analyse one poem in one language, but when one must simultaneously analyse two in two different languages, plus the traffic between them, the danger of vertigo is great. When on top of all this the "from" poem is a sacred text of Shakespeare and the "to" poem an audacious "translation" of thoughts and scenes rather than a translation of words and metaphors, as Pasternak said of his own work, then the expositor must not only deftly direct his readers' attention but also diplomatically reassure them.

Pasternak was a genius of translation, and Professor Gifford's account of his work in this field, for all its brevity, is one of the best that I have read. Pasternak translated copiously and from many authors—principally from English and German, which he knew well, and from Georgian, for which he required a crib. Not surprisingly, Gifford concentrates on Shakespeare.

The first impression gained by an English reader who knows Russian is that Pasternak's Shakespeare has lost a good deal of weight. The metaphorical exuberance has been curtailed, the emotional thunder dampened, the irrepressible verbal force harnessed. Such translation flattery conceals the danger of the wrong reason for its passing or at length on nearly every other page of this book.

Gifford's discussion of *Zhivago* is largely cast as a defence of the novel, both against its detractors and against those who admire it too readily and for the wrong reasons. Those who were disappointed

the stereotype takes no account of the central figure of Russian literature, Alexander Pushkin, the genius of "brevity, clarity, simplicity," whose influence upon Pasternak's Shakespeare was great, as Professor Gifford shows. "The sense," he writes, "has been withdrawn out from the abundance of Shakespeare" and cites among other examples two lines from *Othello*:

I never did like molostation

On the enchanted flood. . .

Pasternak's one-line rendition yields a sense so exiguous as to be downright depressing: "I never might have survived. But Clough's, and the actual Russian words would scarcely call attention to themselves in a Moscow street conversation. But the seeming flatness is only that, as Professor Gifford is able to show, and in the final analysis it is the most striking quality of the translations.

Pasternak's greatest triumph was his detection of certain tonalities of feeling and voice in the individual plays (in addition to translating them he wrote wonderfully perceptive "notes" on the process) and his genius in finding equivalents for these in Russian. Another great weakness of Shakespeare was Pasternak's contemporary, Mikhail Lermontov, whose versions of *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace* are able to read them by their lexical fidelity to the original. It has been my invariable experience, however, that every cultivated Russian prefers Pasternak. This can seem perverse. Professor Gifford's discussion helps one to understand why they are right in doing so.

"But what am I without the novel?" Pasternak wrote (in English) to Eugene Kayden, his American translator. What indeed? *Doctor Zhivago* in one form or another appears to have been in his mind from near the beginning.

The examination of fugitive and fragmentary pieces yields evidence everywhere of the novel in *statu nascendi*. One story of the 1930s left a residue of two sequences in *Zhivago*. Others hover near scenes and events of the final work but never gain entry. Even the personality of Hamlet as he emerges in Pasternak's translation seems coloured by that of Yuri Zhivago, with a difference: the former is, therefore, that *Doctor Zhivago* is mentioned in passing or at length on nearly every other page of this book.

Gifford's discussion of *Zhivago* is largely cast as a defence of the novel, both against its detractors and against those who admire it too readily and for the wrong reasons. Those who were disappointed

with *Zhivago* were necessarily disappointed, since they judged it entirely by the standards of nineteenth-century realistic fiction. To these, Gifford replies that it is a poet's novel with a symbolic, not a literal, relationship to the historical events depicted in it. Those who admired it excessively did so after having described in it an intricate network of secret meanings which allowed them to compare it to *Finnegans Wake*.

Gifford holds the more preposterous readings of this kind up to scorn and in general dismisses the exegesis of *Zhivago*'s deeper levels of meaning as unnecessary and contrary to the true nature of the novel. He cites several other dicta of Pasternak as justification for a rather uncomplicated acceptance of the book on its own essentially lyrical terms.

This having been said, however, he finds himself obliged to conclude that it is not, as a novel, altogether satisfactory. The figure of Evgraf and even that of Larca tax the reader's power to suspend disbelief, as do many of the conversations put into the mouths of simple folk. And, for a book that ought not to be read many levels below the surface, one has to admit that the minuscule inviting one to descend do appear with disconcerting frequency.

So the presentation of *Zhivago*, towards which the endro study has tended, ends on a rather disappointing note. Or would so end, were that the last to be said about the novel. Happily it is not, for the chapter that follows treats the novel's misunderstood (and probably least read) portion of the book, the twenty-five poems by *Zhivago* that constitute the last chapter of the novel.

Here, with good reason, Gifford must defend the poems with even greater vigour than that expended on the prose. The wrong readings, again, fall into two categories. There are those who regard the poems as things external to the novel proper and therefore of little consequence in judging the whole, and there are others who seek to find behind every poem some concealed linkage to events in the novel. Gifford's argument, as he thoroughly establishes, is that the novel would be without the poems, which obliquely comment upon, extend, and illuminate many things in the preceding chapters (he calls them "episodes" and "parallel narratives") and he is opposing when he argues for the autonomy of the poems, for the authenticity of their existence whether or not they seem legitimized by some obvious relationship to a previous episode.

Sologub's early life was spent in miserable poverty; at the age of twenty he became a schoolmaster in the provinces; ten years later he moved back to St Petersburg, and his poems and stories began to appear in print. Success as a writer came in 1905, with the appearance of his best-known work, the novel *The Petty Demon*, which, Blok says, was read "by the whole of educated Russia."

The background is an unlikely one for a symbolist; it might have seemed more natural for Sologub to have joined the realist school of writers. But instead of turning like Gorky to realism and social criticism, he turned away from reality and society, completely, to the Machiavellian philosophy which underlies all his work, real life is irredeemably evil and ugly and man can only escape from it by retreating into a world of dream and illusion, created through imagination and art.

Although Sologub was, in his time, one of the most popular writers of the symbolist movement, he is now, perhaps, the least known. This is, no doubt, partly due to the fact that his work has not been available in English. It has been translated in the West, while in the Soviet Union, apart from an edition of *The Petty Demon* (published, most oddly, in Kemerovo in western Siberia in 1958) and a more recent collection of verse with a long and sympathetic

The act of protest

By Kyril FitzLyon

ALEXANDER GLADKOV:
Meetings With Pasternak
223pp. Collins-Larvill. £1.95.

Boris Pasternak is a man of two distinct literary reputations: as a poet in his own country and as the author of *Doctor Zhivago* everywhere else. This is, of course, due to a mixture of political and linguistic reasons. Poetry is difficult to translate and even more difficult to appreciate in a foreign tongue, while *Doctor Zhivago* has been successfully translated into various languages, but is on the Soviet Index of forbidden literature. His Soviet readership is, therefore, confined to a few officially favoured individuals and to those fortunate enough to have access to clandestine (smuggled or smuggled) copies. Among the fortunate readers was Alexander Gladkov, a Russian playwright who died last year and who had been a friend and admirer of Pasternak. His own book, *Meetings With Pasternak*, failed to measure up to Soviet censorship requirements and is now circulating in Russia in samizdat form.

To Gladkov, as to most Russians, Pasternak is, despite his prose writings, first and foremost a poet. Without forgetting the role played in the first

quarter of this century by Symbolist and Futurist and other literary movements as a whole, Pasternak's influence and impact on Russian poetry can, in some ways, be compared with that exercised on English and American poetry by T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound: it gave a sense of liberation from traditional shackles, of freshness, of verbal permissiveness. Rhymes not allowed by the old rules of prosody, words and expressions, similes and metaphors hitherto considered "vulgar" or "prosaic" or inappropriate were suddenly granted right of admission and seen to enhance the significance and the clarity of poetry. Pasternak could talk about air being "as blue as a bundle of underwear" or a man discharged from hospital, "or compare a sunset with a carbuncle in your hair." He could evoke the image of spring by writing, "You cannot cross the road beyond the fence/Without trampling on the universe," leaving the reader to conjure up for himself pools of water formed by spring rains on village roads, reflecting the sun and clouds by day and the moon and stars by night.

However, by the time of these "meetings" with Gladkov, Pasternak had abandoned his earlier style of writing, he thought "far too complicated, forced and mannered". To many, including Gladkov, the change was by no means an improvement (but, said Pasternak, the writer must have the courage to disregard the taste of his admirers"). It introduced

the portrayal of Peredonov, the central figure of *The Petty Demon*, a sinister, nihilistic, evil and paranoid—is undoubtedly powerful, and the closing scenes of the novel convey an almost Dostoevskian horror. In such a world, a beautiful young woman seduces a beautiful schoolboy and clumsy construction make the work seem second-rate beside *Bely's Silver Dove* and *Petersburg*.

In the interesting and informative introduction to this collection of fifteen stories in translation, Muriel G. Barker points forward a plan that Sologub should be considered, not as a major figure, at least not as an important contributor to Russian symbolism, and "a writer of great significance to the history of literature." The first seems more appropriate than the second: Sologub must be judged as a symbolist, and in a literary historical, rather than a purely literary context. It is hard to imagine that anyone would choose to read for pleasure these gloomy accounts of obsession and perversion, which end, almost invariably, in madness or death.

Sologub's philosophy proves better suited to poetry than to prose; in verse the *fin-de-siècle* flavour is less overwhelming, the artificiality more acceptable. Sologub's characters are not, like Dostoevsky's, flesh and blood beings in the grip of overpowering obsessions; they are disembodied obsessions arbitrarily named Volodya, or Rezanov, or Nikolai Arkadievich Varpolov. They are "demons" that "pass through life" without living, retaining only telephonic communication with those who remain beyond this sphere, on the surface, where the sun is shining. These particularly appropriate to these characters. His symbolism is not, as it is often said, a "Machiavellian philosophy" which underlies all his work, real life is irredeemably evil and ugly and man can only escape from it by retreating into a world of dream and illusion, created through imagination and art.

Although Sologub was, in his time, one of the most popular writers of the symbolist movement, he is now, perhaps, the least known. This is, no doubt, partly due to the fact that his work has not been available in English. It has been translated in the West, while in the Soviet Union, apart from an edition of *The Petty Demon* (published, most oddly, in Kemerovo in western Siberia in 1958) and a more recent collection of verse with a long and sympathetic

introduction by M. Dikman (Leningrad, 1975), nothing has appeared since his death. But the obscurity into which his work has fallen could also be attributed to the fact that it has won less well than that of his fellow symbolists. Though the portrayal of Peredonov, the central figure of *The Petty Demon*, a sinister, nihilistic, evil and paranoid—is undoubtedly powerful, and the closing scenes of the novel convey an almost Dostoevskian horror. In such a world, a beautiful young woman seduces a beautiful schoolboy and clumsy construction make the work seem second-rate beside *Bely's Silver Dove* and *Petersburg*.

Nevertheless, Sologub's stories are fascinating to the student of the epoch, and one must be grateful to Professor Barker for providing us with these excellent and accurate translations of a very representative selection.

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This publication is published by ROUTLEDGE ASSOCIATES, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.

Awful but cheerful

By Anthony Hecht

ELIZABETH BISHOP:
Geography III
64pp. Chatto and Windus. £2.50.

Poets are not noticeably free from small envies and petty jealousies, and since, in the United States, they commonly review one another's books, the chances of schools and armed camps shows up in reviews that all too often breathe with spiteful condescensions, grudging praises, as well as trumpet blasts of unbridled wrath. So much is this the rule with us that any exception to it, as in the case of Elizabeth Bishop, is unsettling and not altogether easy to explain. The mystery is not that she should have established her own indisputable independence as a poet who belongs to no school and subscribes to no manifesto, but rather that other poets who never believed they had any common ground whatever are prepared to set aside their small parochialisms in admiration for her art. It is not easy to sort out the qualities in her poetry that call up such uncharacteristic sympathy and generosity from the barbarian hordes. Indeed, so diverse have been the praises and the grounds of their praise that Miss Bishop has appeared to be all things to all poets.

She has rightly been praised for an eye that misses no detail of the sordid or modest furniture of our lives:

Meanwhile the eighty-watt bulb betrays us all, discovering the concern within our stupefaction; lighting us well on heads of tacks in the wallpaper, on the paper wall-jockey, violet-embossed, glistening with mice-fakes. ("Faustine, or Rock Roses")

I looked into his eyes which were far larger than mine but shallower, and yellowed, the lace backed and packed with tarnished tinfoil seen through the lenses of old scratched Isinglass.

("The Fish")

Or misses very seldom; there are no eighty-watt bulbs. She has rightly been praised for a Voronez amplitude, all light, colour and bustle. She has been rightly praised for a Shakespearian, a strict, almost moral, unwillingness to exaggerate. And this grandeur and plainness seem vaguely associated—but in no fixed or exact way—with her settings of "North and South", her scenes of Canada and Worcester, Massachusetts, contrasted with views of the lushness, the sometimes dirty and unkempt lushness, of Florida and Brazil. Or perhaps the grandeur, the spaciousness, is nothing but the perfectly natural property of metaphor, of any straightforward and

lateral imagination that could envision the ceiling, for example, as a Plaque de la Concorde, a large, white, cheerful place to sleep beside the central fountain of the chandelier

... A rooster glows over our beds from rusty iron sheds and fences made from old bedsteads

glass-headed pins, old-gold and copper greens, anathematic blues, alicians,

Old holy sculpture could set it all together in one small scene, past and future: Christ stuns amazed Peter two fingers raised to surprised lips, both as if dazed.

But in between a little cock is seen carved on a slim column in the

travertine, explained by *gullus canit*; flat *Patris* underneath it. There is the inescapable hope, the

pivot; yes, and there Peter's tears run down our chandelier's sides and gem his spurs...

with its surprising formal echoes of Crashaw's

Who are she bee, That not impossible shee That shall command my heart and mee;

Where are she lye, Locked up from mortal Eye, In shady leaves of Destiny...

For Miss Bishop, the homely and

Having the inner horrors

By Thomas Byrom

ANNE SEXTON:
The Awful Rowing Toward God
64pp. Chatto and Windus. £2.50.

45 Mercy Street
114pp. Secker and Warburg. £3.50.

It is an American superstition, inherited from puritanism and reaffirmed on the analyst's couch, that to speak frankly about your deepest feelings is to tell the truth. You have only to say open secret to the cave-dweller of your conscience or your psyche or your heart—and it swings open. Confessional poetry is partly grounded in this vulgar belief. Overconfident about self-knowledge, it



Elizabeth Bishop, from the Winter 1977 number of World Literature Today published from the University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73019. This special number contains tributes to Elizabeth Bishop, up writers including John Ashbery, Octavio Paz, Penelope Mortimer, Helen Vender and Howard Moss. World Literature Today, formerly Books Abroad, also contains a regular world-wide review section.

The grand are quite simply obvious extensions of one another. Maps are themselves a species of metaphor, and in Miss Bishop's cartography the familiar pastels of pink and green and yellow that indicate different nations are at the same time stunningly adequate and colloquial metaphors for the slums and cathedrals, the poverty and the art galleries, the grime, the pain and the triumphs that inhabit down there next to the surface, if we will but use her unglorifying lens. Her language is so natural and unforced that her immense skill is all the more astonishing.

But while happily conceding all these claims, I should still want to attribute the particular spell of her work to another grace. Here is a poetry, though in no very obvious way, in which the poet speaks remotely about herself in the third person as "the visitor". Or in which ("Sestina") is an example of absence is the very centre

of the poem. Finally, there are poems in which she shyly identifies with crowds or groups of total strangers, as in "Miracle for Breakfast", "Squatter's Children", and "Falling Station".

In *Geography III*, Miss Bishop's latest volume, all these virtues of eye and ear, of speech and reticence, and of lovely courage are superbly, beautifully in evidence, in the "Waiting Room", for example, is a child's recollection of a discovery, made while reading the *National Geographic* magazine in the dentist's office, of the common bond of humanity, pain and death that she shares with everyone in the world. And the discovery is simultaneously a discovery of her identity, her separateness, her isolation. In "Crusoe in England", the hero regrets his last loneliness, his shipwrecked existence:

The books I'd read were full of blanks; the poems—well, I tried reaching to the light of evening. "They flash upon that inward eye which is the bliss..." The bliss of what?

One of the first things that I did when I got back was look it up. And there is a wonderful, long poem called "The Moose", which describes a bus trip, a hearing, such from Canada as the light of evening glorifies and fades upon the desert, impoverished countryside; and, as darkness envelops the bus, the half-heard voices of soft-spoken strangers become the reassuring sounds of the speaker's, the poet's, settled life in the kitchen, all the good and all the bad long since assimilated and accepted:

Talking the way they talked in the old featherbed, peacefully on and on, dim lamplight in the hall, dim lamplight in the hall, the dog tucked in her shawl.

Geography III contains ten poems, none unusually long. But ten new poems by Elizabeth Bishop is enough to make a good-sized reader-ship in the United States rejoice in gratitude and pride. Here is about the finest poet of our time, offering the world; we have little by other artists that can match it; and it beats our cars and films and soft drinks hollow.

barbarous egotism—she puffed and separated the self till it was divorced from its own feelings.

Anne Sexton's two last books, *The Awful Rowing Toward God* and *Mercy Street* are instructive postscripts. Her verse was always more openly religious than the others. *The Death Notebooks* (1974), with its "Psalms" and angry parables about Christ and a cold, remote God, expressed a spiritual seriousness to which depression, despair and humanity had brought her. *The Awful Rowing* begins with a short life history which has her rowing through the familiar traumas towards God, an island, and ends with another poem in which she has docked there "in a state of awe". Neither poem ("Rowing" and "The Rowing Endeth") gives us more than a few hard images and some lyrical voice. But in between there are some simple poems about the difficulty of seeking God which are in small ways complete. "Not So, Not So" is plain-spoken and witty and its inwardness is, for confessional poetry, refreshingly outward. There are several pieces besides which speak happily of her love for God and of being filled up with joy and gratitude. At her best, she finds simple words for a simple

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The survivor's story

By Sybille Bedford

CECILIA STERNBERG:
The Journey
576pp. Collins. £8.

The relation of the individual to history is that of victim to leviathan. The individual—if it survives—bypasses, endures; is changed. Luck: geography, the lottery of birth, and for much; few ever wisely escape the monster. Some escape less than others. From 1928 to 1948 Cecilia Sternberg lived in that "faraway country of which we know little", Czechoslovakia. *The Journey* is the story of a life in our time.

In and out of our time, that is, in and out of history; parallel to the public and political events that distort our destinies there runs the private life of marriage, children, health, faith, the affections, passion, the story of the heart. Cecilia Sternberg in this very straightforward autobiography has been successful in bringing the blend of the historical and the personal to the human (though documentary is too heavy a term).

She is no research student, no outsider, she is eyewitness, observer, judging seldom, participant—this is how it was, how we lived, this is what we were—the world she writes about, the world of the pre-1939 European aristocracy (the *Hohezeit* and its survivors) was simply that of her birth and workaday environment. The outcome is a curious and original book, very funny, a few times very sad. It is artless in a sense, as consistent, Cecilia's mother feeding the Jersey cows, the English dogs and hens, the nursery running wild. Both parents die soon. The children remained in the care of their Aunt Dora, a lady of extraordinary character and taste, who lived alone in a fisherman's hut on a small island, devoted to wild horses, art and learning. Cecilia enjoyed an example of her moral teaching, brought up to believe in heaven and hell, she said, "utter nonsense... there is neither one nor the other." Then what about God? The children asked her.

She felt she had no right to totally undermine our faith. "There's something of God in all of us," she said, "it's called a conscience. It tells you what is right and wrong."

"I haven't got one," Hubert said.

"You're quite mistaken. Is there nothing you're ashamed of having done?"

He... bent his head and burst into tears.

So, she said, "I caught it and then sent his sons to Eton."

One of his daughters married, Count against his will, poor Austria, his wife, Countess, who was obliged to change his faith and bring up his family in England. Nevertheless all his daughters married foreign noble

men. One, Aunt Maggie, married Prince Herbert Bismarck, the son of the Iron Chancellor; Cecilia Sternberg's own mother, a Dane, Count Reventlow, Criminal, whose country seat, Liekendorf in Schleswig-Holstein, had become German when that province was annexed from Denmark. Thus a Danish father who had a Scottish mother (lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria) and a French great-grandfather, the Marquis de Crimmlin, whose house was half English, half Austrian; two younger brothers, one born a British subject, the other a German.

And of course it is not a mere matter of defunct ancestors—most of us are of mixed blood—but of living relatives, connections in every country, in every camp, of multiplicity of languages, traditions, loyalties. Thus a first cousin, and closest friend, Eddie (to whose memory the book is dedicated) who for all his cheating and his Paris and Long Island was inescapably Bismarck's grandson.

Cecilia Sternberg herself was born in England—at Goring-on-Thames (with English as her first language)—crossed the Channel at the age of three and spent a childhood in the great manor house of her father's noble house in blackest North Germany, Emken-dorf, filled with marble gods and goddesses and painted ceilings, was decorated by Angelica Kauffman, Raphael Mengs and a tribe of Hohenheim artists and craftsmen. (They brought their wives and children and laboured in Schleswig-Holstein for eleven years.)

The First World War—the Reventlows' English servants informed, German replacements hostile, Cecilia's mother feeding the Jersey cows, the English dogs and hens, the nursery running wild. Both parents die

TLS Commentary

NEW BOOKS August-September

GENERAL The Hundred Years War

Rian Lloyd
A Hundred Years of strife, plague, inflation, working class revolt and a revolution in military thinking demonstrated at Agincourt.
£5.95 192 pages 21 illustrations

Dawn on Our Dark Summer The Summer of 1940

Roger Parkinson
The four months and decisive months in European history, seen in the light of history to unpublished War Cabinet Papers.
£5.95 254 pages 18 illustrations

The Price of Progress 1780-1835

John Clarke
Cobbett and his contemporaries provide their observations on the agricultural and industrial revolutions.
£6.95 224 pages 16 illustrations

100 Years of Posters of the Folies Bergère and Music Halls of Paris

Katla Wall
The great posters, Josephine Baker, Maurice Chevalier, Mistinguett, Edith Piaf and the Music Halls, illustrated by the foremost artists Cappiello, Cheret, Gessner, Lautrec, Steinlin, etc.
£5.00 405 x 280 mm, 88 monochrome illustrations, 84 in full colour

BIOGRAPHY The Auk Auchinlock Victor at Malindi

Roger Parkinson
Recently released cabinet papers throw a new and disturbing light on the relationship between Churchill, Montgomery and Auchinlock, placing the Auk's Western Desert achievements in their true perspective.
29.50 278 pages, 23 illustrations

Beau Brummell

Harriet Cole
Hubert Cole shows Brummell to be a keenly intelligent, lively, generous and much more than the symbol of Regency elegance and dandyism.
£4.95 240 pages, 21 illustrations

FICTION The Main

Trevanian
A fast novel of undeniable suspense from the author of *The Biger Sanction* and *The Loo Sanction*.
£3.95 256 pages

The Hair of the Dogma

Mylena O'Brien
(Mylena O'Brien)
The best of Mylena has been hailed as one of the supreme comic achievements of our language. Now in response to the clamorous demand of most of science, fiction, and the law comes *The Hair of the Dogma*.
£5.00 192 pages

HART DAVIS, MACGIBBIN

GRANADA PUBLISHING

Privates' progress

That intermittent thumping sound you hear, accompanied by frequent cries of rage or triumph, is the rattling call of the private press, its every utterance, its class and abandoned from Abator Books of Nebraska to the World's End Press of Wapping, it goes flourishingly about its idiosyncratic business. Or so one would conclude from examining the checklist *Private Press Books 1974* published by the Private Libraries Association of Plimmer in an edition of 1,200 copies: a larger limitation than any recorded in its pages, for though there are nearly 200 titles listed from ninety presses, their combined print run would be the despair of a commercial publisher.

As well as providing evidence that eccentricity is alive and well, the checklist makes entrancing reading. The very names of the presses are poetry, whether rustic (Crabgrass, Plough, Glace, Inglenook), mystical (Threotha) or simply self-deprecating (Plain Wrapper, Vanishing, Perishable, Simplicite). Some names are less cryptic than they appear: the Biscuit City Press operates from Biscuit City Road in Rhode Island, and the Raven Press is tended by Lois and Cliff Rather. There are famous names like Cuala and Officina Bodoni; more enigmatic ones like the Press of the Pegasus and Officina Stanislava Gilbey (136 c. ves each of the German and Dutch texts of a poem by Joa Vaudelet).

For each title, the checklist records the printing press and the type used, the paper (Wooley Hole, Mohawk Superfine, Hoshio, Barcham Green Ann Badger), the format and the binding materials, from simple white card to embossed Oasis Morocco, or orange paper "stamped" with a duck's feather. Many of the publications if they are not too strong a word—are not for sale!

Ragtime blues

Though the ignorance and brutality of students is generally recognized, there is a common belief that this is of recent growth, the consequence of invidious gentrification, foreign agitators, or other modern evils; this is eloquently refuted by F. A. Reeve's *Early Rag and Hoaxes*, an affectionate and accurate account of the more outstanding acts of light-blue kooliganism, published by The Oleaner Press (48pp, £1.30) which has an admirable backlist of local history titles under the general rubric of "Cambridge Town, Gown and County".

The roster of japes runs from the late eighteenth century "Widow" and the statues on Trinity College Library to Rag Week 1977. In that period no privilege has gone unchallenged, no liberal cause has been immune from the tributes of bricks and flames and flames. The lemming is the shallow derring of the well-bred putting one over on their social inferiors. In 1805 two undergraduates wagered £500 that they could disguise themselves as gypsies and ride unmolested from Cambridge to Tottenham. On their return journey they were arrested for making a campfire to cook some food and "taken before the magistrates".

Lord Kitchener was greeted with admiring loudness, and a bottle of champagne was sent to him from the New Museum, and a banner

where they are, prices range from a modest 25p for poems from the *Private Press*, from whom perhaps the most modest might be expected, to \$1,800 for a signed edition of Borges' poems from the Plain Wrapper Press, whose plain wrapper is natural parchment with three low-relief gold-plated bronzes, inside a silk-covered wooden box with a lid etched with the publisher's name. Limited editions may be slightly limited or very limited indeed: the *Victorian Puns* run to 750 copies, the *Lilac Tree Press* seems over-ambitious in avoiding vulgar success for *Some History of the Port of Liverpool*, since four of the six specimens are not for sale.

There is an incestuous note about this world: many of the works are bibliographies or checklists and W. F. Hayward of New Jersey, in *The Annotated List of a Small World* (with disapproving sounding "donkey-drawn plastic tape on spine"), each leaf coming from a different press.

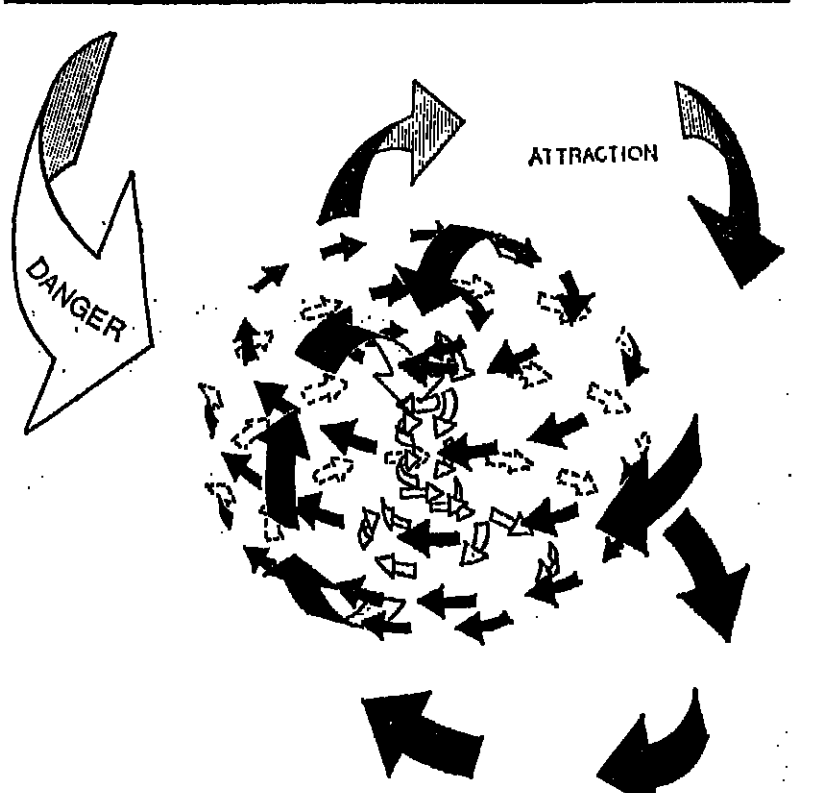
The contents of the books are rarely described, which leaves a number of pleasant enigmas: we should like to know what the *Phantasmagoria of Littlepages of heretofore unknown works by various putative authors*, about the Slavonian poet Vriesdoslav (Narbulia Agency, ninety copies, twenty for sale), and of *Thimbletong the Philosopher* by an unidentified Druse author, of which the compiler remarks in desperation "Interminable Gabbardish the third: inadequately described". *New Documents concerning Da Vinci's 'The Last Supper'* is not for sale, so that you will ever know about it is that it is "a satirical attack on a proposal to clear away an exhibit of son lions in the Hall of Marine Mammals in the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago to make way for a children's bookshop"; but perhaps this is all you need.

Set-side manner

The start of the football season found that cerebral soccer buff, Professor A. J. Ayer, lying well-nigh horizontal in the democratic pages of the *Radio Times*, watching BBC Television's Saturday evening *Match of the Day*. This is a role Professor Ayer has been playing manfully these many years as the nation's leading highbrow football fan. Alone among philosophers he was versatile enough to lend allegiance not only to the Vienna Circle but also to Tottenham Hotspur (who in return have often seemed to play a more intellectual kind of football than other English clubs). In the *Radio Times* Professor Ayer was offered, along with one or two off-duty MPs, an obviously low-church bishop, as the living proof that not every one who stays in to watch *Match of the Day* is working-class or stupid. By the standards of the man on the terrace, the Wykeham Professor of Logic's posture—stretched out on a couch—was decadent; but prominent among the impressively miscellaneous books on the shelf above him was one called *Facing Death*, and it is not every pleasure-seeker who keeps a memento mori in his television room.

One can quite see why, with Don Revie having defected to the East and the hooligans weekly at one

another's vitals, the BBC should want to try to make football look more respectable. But the immediate excuse for trotting out Professor Ayer and his fellow delegates from the intelligentsia was to mark the longevity of *Match of the Day*, whose 500th edition fell on Saturday. This additive, indispensable programme began in 1964 with a match between Liverpool and Arsenal, and the highlights of the original highlights were shown again on Saturday. Five admirable goals and one of those threosomic animal acts which sports commentators for some reason love, in this case a lap of the Anfield ground by a common domestic cat. Such intrusions bring out the worst in commentators, and with *Match of the Day* commentators the worst is very bad indeed. Indeed, the words that go with his football of a Saturday evening are the intelligent watcher's regular pre-Sabbath penance. When, to celebrate those 500 programmes, the current front-man Jimmy Hill, fell to reminiscing with his ledeering predecessor, Kenneth Wolstenholme, a fastidious professional finger will surely have stretched out to the off-button from its set-side couch. Some language is too ordinary even for a philosopher of ordinary language.



If you happen to be feeling "deflated", "under pressure", or "stretched to the limit" it would be unwise to brood too long on the diagrams of energy bubbles in *Kelch Adams and Tenacity* (144pp, Thames and Hudson, £6.50). The authors ingeniously trace the possibilities of mental models, from the systematic maps of astrology and alchemy through perceptual puzzles and illusions to representations of modes of thinking, states of mind, and types of personality and their

interactions. Here we see the "energized tonus model" of a personality bubble in a seemingly highly vulnerable condition: if the projections reflected on its walls are too weak, a state of introspection is created, apparently, but only apparently, not a similar to contemplation; while an overcharge of passivity could cause a rent in the field which catches at the other bubbles of the system. If topological vertigo threatens, take a cold shower, a walk, or a cup of tea.

Fifty years on

The great story of the fight against the Russian famine of 1921-1922 has been told fragmentarily many times; but the appearance of Mr. Fisher's authoritative volume supersedes all previous accounts. For the first time the reader can follow every phase of those remarkable events: the outbreak of the famine; the sudden realization by the Soviet government that a quarter of the Russian people were perishing; the appeals for foreign help; the magnificent response of American charity; the Soviet's hope that this help might be used for its own political advantage; the bitter fight it waged between the Bolsheviks and the representatives of the American Relief Administration (ARA); the final settlement and immediate entry of the Americans into Russia—an entry so swift that

it found the Bolsheviks wholly unprepared to receive it. . . . The hero of the story is Mr. Herbert Hoover, the chairman of the ARA. He it was who replied in July, 1921, to Maxim Gorki's appeal for "bread and medicine" for the Russian people. . . . But before relief could begin, the ARA had to weather the storm of extreme Communist and their partisans both in Russia and in America. "Poor is a weapon" was Lenin's unwavering slogan at Riga when the Americans endeavored to see their own political advantage; the bitter fight it waged between the Bolsheviks and the representatives of the American Relief Administration (ARA); the final settlement and immediate entry of the Americans into Russia—an entry so swift that

investigated all rumored cases of cannibalism in five provinces of Southern Russia. He found twenty-six authentic cases in which human beings were killed and eaten. . . . The first step was to get the bodies sold, disguised as sausages, in the open market. Necrophagia was very common all through the famine districts. Against these horrors the ARA employed a certain amount of seriocomic relief in its relations with the government. The anxiety of such fanatical Communists as Mms Kamanova, Trotsky's sister, to prevent the Russian people from weeping in their surely already attenuated belief in Bolshevism led to frequent attempts to gain control of the American supplies. . . . From the review by Carl Deschler, Roberts, of H. H. Fisher's *The Famine in Soviet Russia, 1919-1922*, in the TLS of August 25, 1977.

The challenge of the Twenties

By Neil Harris

PAUL A. CARTER:
Another Part of the Twenties
229pp, Guildford: Columbia University Press, \$12.40.

Few decades have commanded as much nostalgic evocation. Despite the critiques of professional historians, reformers, and literary critics, many of whom in the 1930s and 1940s saw the era as one of disintegration and frustrated promises, popular attachment has always been powerful. The enthusiasms and liberations of the 1920s—from Freud and Ford to Mah-jongg and crossword puzzles—are usually singled out as the spurs to collective memory, but they are only partially responsible. Its location, and its technologies, have been just as vital.

Sandwiched between a bloody war and a catastrophic depression, the 1920s quickly took on, in America, a retrospectively golden glow. What neighbouring decades enhanced, the machine improved upon. Film, radio, recording, newsreels, made this the first decade whose representative sights and sounds are permanently recoverable. In the 1920s our mechanical memory takes off and, as it were, never looks back. Widening the base of evidence rarely diminishes popular enthusiasm for recalling the past; the more numerous the artifacts, the easier for everyone to become his own historian, and protect still another evaluation of those good times gone by.

In America, the parade of published celebrations of the decade began right in the midst of things, with books such as Charles Merz's *Great American Bandwagons*, but the format was fixed by Frederick Lewis Allen's *Only Yesterday*, published for the first but not the last time in 1931. Other studies like Lawrence Green's *Era of Wonder*, in *Nonense*, William Allen White's *Puritan in Babylon*, Elizabeth Stevenson's *Babbitt and Bohemians*, and on a more scholarly level, William Leuchtenberg's *Parade of Prosperity*, and George Mowry's *Unsettled*, *Parade of Prosperity*, and *Parade of Prosperity*, reflected the period's consumer culture and ritualized fads. If the enthusiasms appeared, on sober second thought, to be jejune and naive, they possessed as well a level of outrage, a general sense of the 1920s marked inflation rates for many Americans into permanent relationships with automobiles, washing machines, instalment buying, and golf; like adolescent fantasies, the memories thrived on later growth.

The problem of handling this blend of selective memory and popular stereotypes has preoccupied historians for some time now. In 1956 Henry F. May, in his influential essay "Shifting Perspectives on the 1920s", pointed out some yearning cycles of interpretation. Reviewing more than a half-century of commentary, May found that doing without passionate feelings when talking of the 1920s was a relatively recent luxury, and took comfort in the thought that more balanced observations would be possible in the years ahead. "Is it possible by now," he asked, "to really to glimpse what an angry, angry, angry period of American history and even of a new civilization?" There might actually be "in this decade of novelty beginnings as well as ends".

Paul A. Carter's *Another Part of the Twenties* represents, in various ways, an effort to supply some of the balance and search for certainties that May asked for. Carter, whose first attempt at synthesizing the decade has been in print for almost ten years now, moves beyond the stereotypes of bootleggers and raccoon coats to establish the decade as a broad section of America actually experienced it, those who neither made gin in their bathtub nor speculated wildly on the stock market.

The history of the 1920s that we read about in books, he argues, "cannot be squared with the experiences of the twenties" told us by parents and grandparents. In the time essays that make up this book, Carter's intention is to seize upon a major aspect of 1920s imagery, and reveal how easily it can be turned upside down, or at

least blurred into indistinctness.

Thus, those who see the period as firmly establishing the dominance of urban America—1920 was the census year in which communities holding more than 2,500 people first contained a majority of the population—must reckon with the rural character of "cities" like Waukegan, Illinois and Mitchell, South Dakota. Statistically classified as urban areas, they were still "towns small enough for personal identity to grow out of close and continuous face-to-face relationships". Indeed, Americans growing up in these communities were not drawn away by their experiences, often affectionately, in confronting the crises of later periods. For Ray Bradbury and Sinclair Lewis and George McGovern the 1920s still possessed hometown removed from and even indifferent to the gadgetry and activity of the urban center.

Another shibboleth that deserves more challenge, according to Carter, is the justice of the assault on Prohibition, that last vestige of self-satisfied moralism. Quick to seize upon the sudden opportunity presented by war, so the story goes, the forces of fundamentalist bigotry pulled the wool over the eyes of their city cousins, and produced the helpless hypocrisy that was Prohibition. In actual fact, says Carter, Prohibition was seen as "an affirmation of democratic principles"; its supporters included people deeply concerned about the effects of alcoholism and committed to individual rights and social justice in many areas of life. And opponents of Prohibition were heavily financed by millionaire businessmen, the alcohol industry, and entrenched interests who, among other motives, hoped for a lessened income tax as a result of liquor revenues. Without denying the failure of abstinence experiments, and its assorted absurdities, Carter concludes that the fight was more ambiguous than it has often been portrayed. Its very complexity made it "a more normal kind of American political controversy than we have usually assumed".

The other chapters similarly relate questions about the standard myths. The trio of Republican Presidents, so often consigned to Neanderthal status, may well have been the best overall bargain, a narrow but fairly when compared with the demagoguery and fascism developing in Europe. The "liberation" of women, proceeding at a much slower pace than the 1920s assumed, probably owed more to athletes like Gertrude Ederle, the Channel swimmer, than to a few exceptional female politicians and the proverbial "flappers". Freudianism and other popular psychological theories often had a "regressive" impact on the status of women, associating them, for example, with inadequate emotional stability, a point echoed even by some of the decade's more prominent women, like the New York politician and adviser Belle Moskowitz. Youth, in Carter's account, was not "flaming", but continued to involve itself in idealistic causes. Fundamentalist religion was far from dead. And American advertising, the scapegoat of critics then and now, had its own beneficial effects, including healthier eating habits and more exercise; what war worshiping even in the money-mad twenties, was not the sound dollar so much as the sound body. However reckless and lavish the pursuit of happiness was, "it did not have to be chemically induced".

Indeed, through a whole series of issues and experiences—the relationship between science and popular government, the growth of experimental religion and personal mysticism, the tension between

older individualistic ideals and the new disciplines imposed by the corporate state and bureaucratic organizations, and above all, the contradictions produced by an ingenious advertising system geared to encourage buying, and a set of values encouraging thrift and austerity—the 1920s seem to be the fountainhead of a series of modern predicaments. Our own bewilderment at handling the dilemma of the "two cultures", the debates produced by the existence of heavy defence spending, the bifurcations of energy conservation and pollution control, all, in somewhat different ways, have new counterparts established in that decade.

Carter's prose is easy to read; and he is familiar with the mass of secondary literature that has to some extent been preparing the ground for fundamental revisions in the past few years. He has an eye, too, for arresting detail and subtle contradiction.

The staples of 1920s narratives—Rudolph Valentino, Al Capone, Charles Lindbergh, Sacco and Vanzetti, Rudy Vallee, Babe Ruth, Jack Dempsey, Jimmy Walker, and others—are not treated by either Carter or his reviewers as extensive references. In their places are interesting discussions of Albert Einstein, Nelly Taylor Ross, Edwin S. Redkey, Zane Grey, Ella Boole, Mrs. Charles H. Carter, and others who are rarely given as extensive a role in a brief overview of the decade. Carter has illuminated aspects of the period that are all too frequently ignored, and established its role as a mechanism of modern values, as well as consumer goods.

But several problems remain. One is that the stereotypes he assaults have been gutted, for quite some time now, by a series of historians and biographers. The work is handsomely acknowledged and reviewed by Carter in an informative, thirty-page essay on sources, but it is some indication that most of his observations will not surprise many professionals. Carter's primary concern may well be with a larger audience for whom scholarly biographies and monographs pass unnoticed. In his introduction Carter acknowledges that audience, speaking of the efforts to work out what the "late seventies need from the twenties, as distinguished from what we seek". And that, in Carter's view, is a sense of how our earlier generation handled dramatic breakthroughs and still managed to cope.

But the danger of emphasizing continuities is that they threaten the distinctiveness of any one set of years, a distinctiveness that has been increasingly established, in this century, by just these tales of fashion, food and popular culture, and their place on the status of women, associating them, for example, with inadequate emotional stability, a point echoed even by some of the decade's more prominent women, like the New York politician and adviser Belle Moskowitz. Youth, in Carter's account, was not "flaming", but continued to involve itself in idealistic causes. Fundamentalist religion was far from dead. And American advertising, the scapegoat of critics then and now, had its own beneficial effects, including healthier eating habits and more exercise; what war worshiping even in the money-mad twenties, was not the sound dollar so much as the sound body. However reckless and lavish the pursuit of happiness was, "it did not have to be chemically induced".

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Carter's failure—save for advertising—to discuss the impact of mass culture may be related to a larger difficulty: the assumption that private lives can be clearly disentangled from the public commercial that surrounds them. Where the 1920s may truly have marked a revolution was in the conflation of commercially designated stereotypes and personal experience. Is there such a thing as "another part of the twenties"? The frequent qualifications and argumentative restraints in this book cause some doubt. Positions are hedged. In the first chapter, "Off Main Street", Carter analyses a Sinclair Lewis novel, *Free Air*, and its "theme of redemption-by-highway". Despite our view of the decade's frantic urbanization and growing coagulation, the automobile apparently still could suggest escapist possibilities, flight to bucolic, uncrowded settings, and the spirit of the "wide-open American Road". Mark Twain was still embedded in Sinclair Lewis. But Carter goes on to acknowledge the effects of federal and state highway programmes, the coming of standardization and road numbering, and increasing levels of tourism.

Was the Lewis novel romantic, nostalgic, even for its own day? Momentarily accurate but soon to be outdistanced? Ironic and contradictory? It is hard to tell from the chapter itself. And reading Lewis's 1928 story, "Travel Is So Boredom", with its satirical rendering of how Americans perceived their mechanical hegiras, it is difficult to see how he can be chosen as a preacher of innocent automobilism.

Similarly, one cannot be certain about the lessons of "In God We Trust", a later chapter. In these pages we learn variously of efforts to arrange a cease-fire between science and theology, the survival of millennial secularists and fundamentalists who desired no reconciliation, the puffery of optimistic clergymen, the desire of laymen that their ministers express dogmatic certainty, and the banal mysticism of those who found neither science nor religion sufficiently comforting. Every position is represented and analysed intelligently. But what is given in one paragraph is taken away in another, and no clear image seems possible.

Above all, concentration upon the complexities of private decisions and anxieties suggests that "another part of the twenties" is also another part of the thirties, forties, and fifties. Few would deny the persistence of fundamentalist issues of religion and morality, or the continuing dilemmas posed by bureaucratization, professionalization, and military posture. All of these transcend special periods and form elements of the condition of modernity.

But to emphasize these aspects is to miss the real challenge. The thrust of the new celebrity cults and electronic entertainments was to blend private lives with public experiences in an unprecedented way, to build memory around automobile model changes and headlines and movie premieres. The asylum-like spaces that Carter carves from the mythic undergrowth of the 1920s did exist, but with much less accessibility than he insists on. There may well have been "wide, dark stretches of the continent where the roar of the twenties was muted", and "where life was lived by a rhythm in which there was not the faintest echo of jazz". But the cumulative effect of the new electronic culture was to make such spaces enclaves, inhabited by radiant emigrants who would soon have to make strenuous efforts to avoid contact with elements of a culture that decades before they might have avoided through simple differences. Rural electrification had far to go in the United States, highway systems were incomplete, air travel was barely under way, and not everyone was in love with the silver screen. None the less the voracious capacities of the era's articles and consumer culture were lessening the capacity for withdrawal and bringing to the fore a cultural life based upon simultaneous and instantaneous collective experience. In failing to expose this trend, Carter's informative book loses some of its persuasiveness.

Ruth Fainlight

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Nicholas V. Riasanovsky

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Indonesia is like many other countries feeling the effects of over-population. Attempts to solve this problem by means of transmigration—the organized transfer of population from one island to another—were first made by the Dutch. More recently similar efforts, better organized and on a larger scale, have been made by the Indonesian government, and this book examines the extent to which this transmigration programme has been successful. Paper covers £6

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Oxford University Press

Health, wealth and the body politic

By G. M. Carstairs

VICENTE NAVARRO:
Medicine under Capitalism
230pp. Croom Helm. £7.95.

It would be difficult to find a more eloquent, if involuntary, tribute to the American Way of Life (with all its faults) than this collection of essays by Vicente Navarro. Navarro complains that his is a minority view of the cause of the maldistribution of health care in the United States, and as such it is excluded from the realms of debate—and yet he seems to have a New York publisher. Little evidence here of exclusion; but perhaps he is hypersensitive. Although he first arrived in the United States in 1965, he refers to "the nefarious McCarthy era" as "still extant today"; and yet he seems to have succeeded in identifying himself with this nefarious capitalist-dominated culture, citing, for example, "we in the US have too many liberation movements and not enough of a Liberation Movement". He goes on to say: "We need to develop that mature political movement that can embrace and relate all of the different progressive causes and that can link these separate movements without stifling them."

These sound like fine liberal sentiments, but as one reads on one comes to recognize the idioms of Newspeak: "freedom", "democracy", "progress", "liberation". The analysis is all used in their Marxist interpretation. The author is a sociologist who states quite explicitly in his introduction that all social sciences are ideologies in disguise. This reproach cannot be levelled against Navarro's book, which the ideology is undisguised. *Medicine under Capitalism*, consists of six essays on aspects of health care in the United States and in some Latin American countries. Navarro in Chile has already appeared in reputable journals, although only close attention to cross-references reveals when or where they appeared. They address themselves to a variety of topics, person. "The Underdevelopment of Health in Working America", to "Women as Producers of Services in the Health Sector of the United States", and yet there is a same.

Defence mechanisms

By J. F. Watkins

RONALD J. GLASSER:
The Body is the Hero
248pp. Collins. £4.95.

The development of immunology over the past eighty years provides an excellent paradigm of the scientific method. The story extends from the often accidental observations of the early workers, through the development of the humoral system, to the contemporary understanding of the immune mechanism as a physiological system to be placed alongside, for example, the central nervous system. Modern biology is deeply involved in current thought about immunological problems, and the medical treatment of an obscure kind has begun to enter the field in company with such concepts as "integrated medicine". Nevertheless, none of the important concepts in immunology are beyond the intellectual grasp of anyone who could achieve a third-class degree in Oceans at Oxford. If we add to this the intense human interest in a subject so closely related to disease, with a dramatic personage so rich in great, foolish, often arrogant, and some, women, it is a source of surprise that no work of high quality has been written about a book, or monograph, or programme, has yet been published.

ness about each chapter. The pattern is set in the opening essay, on "The Political and Economic Origins of the Underdevelopment of Health in Latin America" which expounds the author's views that no single aspect of society can be understood without first setting it in the context of the society as a whole, by which Navarro means a description of the social classes in that society and an identification of the numerically small but economically all-powerful "corporate class" together with their much larger but totally subservient henchmen, the "lumpen-bourgeoisie", the lower-middle class and the largest sector, the exploited working class.

This analysis is repeated in chapter after chapter, as if reiteration will add conviction. Halfway through the book he disarmingly describes the social analysis of the United States as "admittedly full of assumptions, preconceptions and values"; at other times he calls them "postulates" but always they are the same basic Marxist assumptions: that the basic forces in society are economic, and that they are controlled by a small self-seeking elite. Supposedly neutral institutions such as universities, medical schools and the major foundations are seen as agents of social control, designed to maintain the hegemony of the ruling class. Education, says Navarro, is "the mere legitimizing of power and responsibilities".

Everything points to the same source of original sin, whether it is the scarcity of doctors in poor rural areas or the financial control exercised by the banks and the large insurance companies over national health policies. Even the role of women in the health sector cannot be considered without first seeing them in the context of the class structure of society as a whole.

One chapter is devoted to a brief exposition, and dismissal, of Ivan Illich's theses concerning clinical, social and structural iatrogenesis. Navarro finds Illich's analysis to be insufficiently "historical" and "class" because it does not recognize the primacy of class. Navarro himself sees the primacy of class wherever he looks: he even asserts that the levels of responsibility of various grades of local health workers are determined by their knowledge and skill, but by their class origin—a difficult thesis to sustain. He accuses Illich of sharing the romantic illusions of youthful dropouts who hope to find personal redemption in a local life-style. Illich's denunciation of the surrender of personal autonomy to professionalism is, in Navarro's view, "radical in style

but intrinsically conservative in message and substance" but for once this chapter ends with an apocryphal willingness to let history decide whether his analysis or that of Illich was the truer one.

That they have some ideas in common is apparent in a chapter in which Navarro denounces capitalist industrial society as one in which most people have no control over the product of their work, and in which their patterns of consumption are largely manipulated by unseen forces. The difference is, perhaps, that Illich can more readily recognize that loss of the freedom of choice occurs in planned socialist societies as well as in capitalist ones. In this context there is a lapse, on Navarro's part, from his usual reliance on relevant and reliable statistical data to prove (or at least to illustrate) his explanatory thesis. After discussing the dehumanizing and alienating effect of repetitive work, unrelieved by the supposedly healing effect of participating in decisions, Navarro argues that from this loss of autonomy at the work place stem all the other losses of autonomy in consumption, education, health, etc. This is dangerous ground, because capitalist societies clearly are not the only ones which impose a loss of autonomy.

Navarro goes on to assert that alienation of the factory worker gives rise to an increase in the prevalence of psychosomatic disorders; this increase is often postulated but has seldom been demonstrated, while studies carried out among illiterate members of developing societies have shown high rates of psychosomatic illness among them too.

Like Illich, Navarro has a keen awareness of the injustices in society, and of the shortcomings of modern medicine; but whereas Illich sees the root of the mischief in the ascendancy of professionalism, robbing ordinary citizens of the ability—and even the desire—to look after themselves and their families, Navarro sees it all too clearly as lying in the capitalist system. Consequently, of course, the abolition of the capitalist system is, in his opinion, the first prerequisite for setting right the deficiencies and inequities to which his essays have drawn attention; but this part of his argument, although also reiterated, is spoken softly.

The first task, obviously, is to try to persuade enough fellow-Americans to see the problems of their society as he does, and unambiguously as he does. In spite of his vigorous style and his own strong convictions that may take quite a while.

By J. B. Morrell

E. ASHWORTH UNDERWOOD:
Boerhaave's Men at Leyden and After
227pp. Edinburgh University Press. £8.

During the nineteenth century the curious phenomenon of a disciple following his master to the end of the earth erupted in European universities. At Oxford and Cambridge it surfaced as loyalty to the college; in Jowett's time Balliol men began to haunt the effortless superiority fostered by their Master. At Edinburgh it took the form of a devotion to a particular professor: Henry Cockburn discerned eloquence even in the very spitting of Dugald Stewart. But with the establishment from the 1830s of university teaching and research laboratories, and a new scientific method, the devotion of students to their professors and groups of students were necessarily brought into longer and closer contact. Not surprisingly, these laboratories which accommodated research schools provided a specially favourable milieu in which intense relations between a charismatic teacher and enthusiastic students could develop. Perhaps the first laboratory-based university teacher to be idolized by a cohort of disciples was Liebig. Witness the devotion of his students, including Hofmann, a favourite of Liebig's. "We felt then, we feel still, and never while we live shall we forget Liebig's marvellous influence over us... our greatest pride of all was in having him for our master."

Such fierce loyalty to a great university teacher was not, of course, entirely unknown in science and medicine before the advent of laboratories. In the first half of the preceding century, generally a difficult one for most European universities, Herman Boerhaave stood supreme. From 1701 when he was appointed lecturer in medicine until his death in 1738, he reigned in Leyden into an unrivalled centre for university medical education. He so dominated his medical teaching that between 1718 and 1729 he held three of the five chairs and offered at least twenty hours of lectures per week. His text books sold prodigiously; the *Institutiones medicae* (1708) reached forty-five editions and provoked fifty-one commentaries; similarly the *Apophthegmata* (1719) stimulated no fewer than forty-nine editions and eighty-three commentaries. His *Elementa chemiae* (1732) was his response to the flattering yet irritating accolade of having his chemistry lectures printed in unauthorized editions. Through his books Boerhaave was indeed "communis Europae Praeceptor".

As a polymathic teacher who taught most of the subjects in the medical curriculum, Boerhaave attracted an international audience to Leyden. During his thirty-seven years there he drew almost 2,000 distinguished medical students of whom, as E. Ashworth Underwood shows, 746 were English-speaking. In this group Scots were disproportionately well represented with 244 matriculants compared with 352 English and 122 Irish. Many Scots preferred to graduate at Rheims where the fee was lower, whereas the wealthier English did so at Leyden.

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den. Underwood's statistical analysis thus confirms the traditional view that by the early eighteenth century Scots were keener than the English to make the pilgrimage to Leyden for medical enlightenment.

Edinburgh's response to that situation was to establish in 1726 its own medical school organized on Boerhaavian lines and staffed by Scottish disciples. As Underwood rightly stresses, the vision of having in Edinburgh a medical school like that of Leyden was outrageously decried by his son Alexander *primus* to the project. Yet the timing of the debt to Leyden was unusual: only Edinburgh successfully initiated the Boerhaavian pattern of medical education during his lifetime. Other famous medical schools derived from Leyden, such as Göttingen under Haller and Vienna under van Swieten, flourished only after Boerhaave's death. Though Underwood acknowledges the importance of George Drummond, Edinburgh's outstanding eighteenth-century politician, he fails to relate Drummond's interest in a transformed and primarily medical university to his larger and contemporaneous concerns for Edinburgh's economic and cultural renewal and visual splendour.

The other English-speaking Boerhaavians were by no means distinguished, ranging from presidents of the Edinburgh and Dublin Colleges of Physicians to John Burton, the York acoustician and antiquarian immortalized in *Tristram Shandy*. He is remembered for a "scandalous" of his. They were strongly represented, as Underwood confirms, in such superior institutions as the metropolitan medical colleges, the Royal Society, and the voluntary London hospitals. Little is said, however, about employment in the lower echelons of provincial general practice, the East India Company, the navy, or the army. Generally Underwood's approach is to provide short biographies instead of analysis of the careers of his men, but he offers an sustained discussion of the nature of their various debts to Boerhaave. After all, even though Boerhaave was such a medical oracle, tension existed between his theoretical and clinical teaching. Versé, then, his theoretical teaching, tested, qualified, or rejected by his English-speaking disciples as a result of their own clinical experience? Apart from the obvious group of Edinburgh medical educators, were there Boerhaave alumni scattered into formal or informal networks based on friendship, family, patronage, and special areas of interest? One wonders, too, to what extent the Leyden ticket, especially in Scottish hands, was associated with upward social mobility. These and similar problems, which are so apt to pose but laborious to answer, can only be solved by exploiting more techniques such as prosopography and a wider range of sources than Underwood has employed. As he adopts a biographical approach, uses very few unpublished sources, and relies heavily on the *DNB*, on Munk's *Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, and on standard hospital histories, his account of his Boerhaavians is somewhat limited. In short, Underwood has had the welcome nous to chase but not quite catch some of the hares started in 1932 by Innes Smith with his invaluable *English-speaking students of medicine at the University of Leyden*.

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Factories by the Nile

By Charles Issawi

ROBERT MAURO and SAMIR RADWAN:
The Industrialization of Egypt
1939-1973
Policy and Performance
279pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £6.75.

Rightly or wrongly—and on the whole more rightly than wrongly—almost all underdeveloped countries have set their hopes on industrialization. And in very few indeed is the case for industrialization as strong as in Egypt, a country with dense and rapidly growing population, a long history of cultivation practically every available acre and whose agriculture has reached a very high level of productivity. The industrialization of Egypt 1939-1973 is the latest and most comprehensive attempt to describe the development of Egyptian industry, assess its performance in terms of resources and output and measure its contribution to the economy. Its analysis is competent and thorough and its style clear and concise, but the unavoidably technical nature of much of the discussion is bound to restrict its circle of readers.

The first part of the book gives the setting. The specific aspects of the Egyptian economy and society are stressed and the main lines of growth indicated. The history of industrialization is sketched, beginning with the abortive attempt under Muhammad Ali and, after a long pause, the timid efforts before the First World War followed by the more comprehensive and successful achievements of the 1920s. The authors then give a thorough description of the "policy framework" within which industrialization

has proceeded" since 1930, including an analysis of tariff and other protection, investment and price policies and the foreign trade regime.

Part 2 deals with industrial growth and structure. The authors' indexes show annual compound rates of growth of over 5 per cent during the Second World War, in 1946-51 and nearly 10 in 1953/4-1963/4, after which there was a sharp drop with negative rates in 1966/7 and 1967/8. Important structural changes have also taken place since the 1952 Revolution: industry has passed from almost totally private to nearly completely public ownership; concentration of production in large factories has increased; and simple consumer goods industries such as textiles and food processing are giving way to chemicals, metals, machinery and durable consumer goods. But the attempts to reduce the concentration in Cairo, Alexandria and the Canal Zone, which between them account for two-thirds of employment and output, has had very little success. A special chapter is devoted to small-scale industry. Egypt's exports supply a very minor part—much smaller than, for instance, in Iran or other Middle Eastern countries.

Part 3, the most technical, discusses inputs of capital and labour and attempts to measure productivity. The amount of investment in industry increased severalfold in 1945-70, but there was considerable under-utilization of capacity and capital productivity rose little. Employment also increased, labour became more skilled, and output per man-hour doubled. But, because of "organizational defects, inefficiencies, redistributional policies, supply bottlenecks, a deterioration of relationships within government and host of other factors. And the drop in oil income is a reflection on the poor state of industry."

uncommitted general overview which he proposes, the main one being that it is hard to avoid the feeling of a list of events, inventors, industries, or whatever. In his progress from landowning and banking through railways and steel to computers and aviation, Professor Parkinson does not avoid this trap. It is hard to see how he could have done so, since the book has no unifying thesis, other than that we ought to know more about the history of today's business giants.

The virtue of such an overview, however, is that it may provide insights and comparisons only perceptible if the field is studied as a whole. The book has two such moments—such as when Parkinson points out the trap into which all historians, but particularly industrial historians, may fall: that of judging the contemporary importance of particular developments with the distorting vision of hindsight. But on the whole he prefers to move on to the next industry, rather than waste time and space considering conclusions.

The result is that this is a rather fragmented book. It becomes more interesting the further back it goes, such as the case of the cotton gin, the development of the textile industry, or the "Big Business"—that is to say, the development of family and institutional power, rather than particular industries. Had Napoleon read his Parkinson, he could never have been so deluded as to call the British a nation of shopkeepers. During the Napoleonic Wars, the landowners still held undisputed sway in politics, despite the best efforts of the merchant class.

"Even in 1832 [we are told] about three-quarters of the Members of Parliament could be said to be concerned entirely or mainly with land."

In concerns such as banking and land management, the interest lies largely in the broad outlines of history and policy. But in the development of any modern industry, much of the interest and significance must lie in points of detail. This is apparent in, for instance, Anthony Sampson's fascinating studies of ICI and of the companies. The detail is the life of the essence. But in a book of this type, there can be little room for detail.

There are, of course, particular difficulties inherent in the type of

dustrial performance and more generally on the poor state of the economy in the years after 1964."

The last part, on the relations between industrial and foreign trade, is also highly technical. One of the main objectives of industrialization in underdeveloped countries is to reduce dependence on imports, but the results are always much more complex and ambiguous and Egyptian industry's dependence on imported inputs remains high—with disastrous effects whenever shortage of foreign exchange compels the government to restrict imports. Industrialization also aims at increasing the proportion of exports of manufactured goods, and in some countries spectacular success has been achieved. In Egypt, however, the increase has been largely confined to cotton textiles and petroleum products, but there has also been some export of light items such as clothing and footwear to the Soviet bloc. This is only one, minor, aspect of the massive shift in the direction of Egypt's trade, from Europe to the Soviet bloc; by 1974 the latter took 61 per cent of Egypt's exports and supplied 33 per cent of imports.

A brief conclusion attempts an overall assessment. Industrialization made a significant contribution to growth after 1945 and created many new jobs but made underemployment, and the huge impact on export trade. As for the increasing difficulties experienced after 1964 they "cannot be attributed, on the evidence available, to the extension of public ownership, but rather to the population growth, the increasing military burden, balance of payments difficulties and other external factors. Other observers may differ in their evaluation, but all serious students of the Egyptian economy can benefit greatly by carefully reading this book."

over and above the basics of who invented what when and took over what when and took over what when. If it is to avoid the danger here is that some very essential detail may be omitted in the rush. For instance, in the chapter on armaments, Professor Parkinson fails to mention the role played by the American armaments industry in the first half of the nineteenth century in the development of accurately loaded interchangeable parts, and the machines to produce them. Yet this played a far greater part in the development of modern industry than Brumfiel's blocks production line (which he does mention). Such an omission points up one of this book's main defects, which is that it is too European-centred. America is certainly considered, but the general emphasis seems disproportionately British.

One of the reasons Professor Parkinson thinks his readers may find *The Rise of Big Business* illuminating is that "the way in which millions have been made in the past is the pattern, most likely, for the success stories of the future". The aspiring millionaire, drawing lessons from history, would also do well to pay more attention to detail than whoever professed this book: "The number of mistakes, especially of the 'what-ifs' kind, is positively staggering. We meet the Earl of Althorpe and then the Duke of Althorpe; a product called Brylcreem appears twice; ICI is situated near Northwich, Cheshire; and so on and so on. The book, however, is witty and well written as well as being a good read."

Harvester Press, as the latest volume in its series *Society and the Victorians*, has reprinted *Economic and Social Investigations in Manchester, 1833-1933* (170pp, £6.95), first published in 1934 by Thomas S. Ashton. It was in Manchester, the "shock city" of the Victorian age that embodied the industrialization and the social and political displacement of the times, that the search for explanations and remedies for the problems of a too rapidly urbanizing environment began. Ashton's book is a century history of the Manchester Statistical Society, in the account of that search.

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Unadventure story

By Olga Crisp

RICHARD RUDOLPH:
Banking and Industrialization in Austria-Hungary
The Role of Banks in the Industrialization of the Czech Crownlands, 1873-1914
197pp. Cambridge University Press. £12.50.

Essentially, banking activities in industry can be of two kinds. Banks may act as lenders, their conventional function, providing a service to industry. The second role, the less conventional one, though one commonly ascribed to the great Central European banks, is one in which banks act as initiators of development, performing entrepreneurial and promotional functions in industry.

It is the second role which looms large in Alexander Gerschenkron's famous thesis on economic backwardness in historical perspective. According to this thesis, under certain conditions banks take over entrepreneurial functions which had devolved upon individuals in early industrializing countries and upon the state among extreme laggards. In *Banking and Industrialization in Austria-Hungary*, Richard Rudolph gets out to test this thesis by focusing on the Czech Lands, which accounted for over 50 per cent of the industrial output of most branches of industry in the Monarchy, and for 75-100 per cent in some.

A very thorough, statistically well supported examination of the path of industrial growth and of the financial structure, mainly in the Czech Lands but also in Austria, leads Rudolph to reject unequivocally the entrepreneurial role of the banks. A leading industrialist journal summed up the situation: "The banks... [are] strangers to the flourishing and strong industrial enterprises. They are seldom the originators of their development; they are not their backers on the troublesome path to the top... the industrial boom is not a bank boom."

The overall picture that emerges from the study is one of extreme caution, even aversion to industrial promotion and risk-taking on the part of the banks. This caution was particularly pronounced during the period following the 1873 crisis. The book will be indispensable reading for the student of economic history and the historian of banking and finance. The notes, though inconveniently placed at the end of the book, will repay careful attention.

Rudolph's study is largely a macro-economic one. Individual banking or industrial firms rarely loom upon one's consciousness. The conclusions are drawn not on the basis of behaviour of individual bankers towards specific firms in particular circumstances, but are inferred from trends in industrial growth at particular times in particular industries or areas. The greatest value of this lucid and thoroughly researched book lies in its contribution to our knowledge and understanding of an important and hitherto largely neglected area of continental Europe before 1914. The book will be indispensable reading for the student of economic history and the historian of banking and finance. The notes, though inconveniently placed at the end of the book,

